

Wherefore.

By Col. Henry Watterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

After wandering eight years through a very morass of Socialism and Populism—fed on half-truths and misled by false lights—the Democrats of the United States once again come into the open and upon the highways of life and thought.

It was full time that they should do this. Whilst, under impossible leadership, they have been, like children, playing preposterous politics, the Republicans, amply supplied with corruption funds and using the most modern and approved machinery, have been constructing fortifications above, laying trains below, the surface of affairs. Already these are deemed by the sappers and mines impregnable. That they are so will depend upon the single question whether the people have been so lulled to sleep—we shall not say debauched—as to let the result go by default, or to leave it to chance, popular indifference lending itself to the uses of an intelligent and prosperous oligarchy.

In the campaign before us one gigantic issue occupies the middle of the stage—Absolutism—whilst one other issue, scarcely less gigantic, furnishes the key to this—the Tariff.

Every schedule of that Tariff is a rifle-pit in front of the fortress of centralized power. Every Tariff classification is a redoubt which must be carried to reach that fortress. Outside, all seems fair to the eye; the smiling field, the fertile plain, the busy mart; within, see the engineers at work, toiling skillfully to fashion weapons for the defense of the fortress, to forge manacles for the hands of those that dare assail it. From its watch-tower floats a flag bearing a double inscription, one for the multitude, the other for the self-elect; one for the masses who hew the wood and draw the water, the other for the classes who get the tribute; and the outer of these inscription reads "God and Morality," the inner "You tickle me and I'll tickle you."

Thus was it ever with the few who set themselves to rob the many.

II.

Let us run hurriedly over the record and discover if we can how the account stands.

The Republican party has become in the person of Theodore Roosevelt the assertion of the Gospel of Force; in the politicians constituting the group that does his will in the two houses of Congress the prostitution of the power of the Government. Even as William Randolph Hearst started out to buy the nomination at St. Louis, is Theodore Roosevelt started out to buy the election next November. Disgraced as a rough rider, he stands the incarnation of the commercialism of the time. That he makes an attractive figure merely augments his dangerous character and increases his capacity for evil. Lucifer is pictured by most writers as a gentleman, by many as a most polished and agreeable gentleman, by some—though they were doubtless Republicans—as an archangel. All agree that he was ambition personified. Those who want him for President will have the chance to vote for him, but, before they do this, they should bethink themselves just what they are going to get.

There is the story of a Pope of Rome who, in the Consistory, appeared so shaken by disease and age, that, unable to agree upon any one of the avowed candidates, and seeking an interregnum, the assembled Cardinals elevated him to the vacant throne, but who, no sooner chosen, than he threw away his crutches, seized the scepter and for many years ruled with an iron hand. Even as this prelate of the Middle Ages played it upon the ecclesiastics of the Vatican has Theodore Roosevelt played upon the High Priests of the Republican party. Yet, what he has done to them will be as nothing to what he will do to them, if, having gone so far, his foot only in the stirrup, he finds himself firmly in the saddle, having stamped around so masterfully in McKinley's shoes, he is fitted with a pair of boots of his own; in short, having borne down all before him as a chance-shot in the White House, he obtains the vindication and authority of an election on his individual account, not merely with all that this would ordinarily imply, but with what it will imply in the case of such a man and such conditions as the next decade must needs encounter in the United States and over the world at large.

Theodore Roosevelt is, decidedly, a gentleman born; a scion of the ruling class; on the paternal side, Dutch, on the maternal Cavalier; a kind of cross betwixt a ram-rod and a ruffled-shirt; the Roosevelt all blood and iron, the Bulllocks mostly frill and velvet. He inherited social distinction from both sides, a small, but sufficient competency from his father. He earned an honorable name at Harvard. He came out of college to seek a career in literature and public life, his method being equally simple and audacious; in literature, to work hard and to reel off books rather more pragmatic than useful, or wise; in politics, to deliver civic righteousness speeches on the front balcony and then go to the back office and kick the stuff, out of the party managers until they gave him what he wanted. Truth to say, he demanded less than his deserts. Yet, in spite of moderation these twin agencies of industry and intemperity landed him in the White House at three-and-forty.

Thus far the doctrine. Thus far the civic hero. No sooner in the White House than he throws aside the crutches of Reform, dons beneath the surplice of the Reformer the armor of the practical politician, and, before those who regarded him as but a tyro awoke to their mistake, he possesses himself of the machine and is master of the situation. To be sure there was a world of good fortune. He played in amazing luck. But there were also daring, method and great ability.

Such is the story to date, pure and simple. To the Republican leaders as to thoughtful observers it carries its own moral. What may it portend to the people of the United States of all parties, sorts and conditions?

III.

The Spanish War did two things; it ended the Sectional War and it terminated the era of National isolation. We came out of that brief but mo-

mentous skirmish an undoubted World Power. To those who, like ourselves, long to the greatness and glory of the country—who dearly love to see the bunting salute the rise of the morning sun and travel with his beams even to the other side of the Universe—who dearly love to sound the bold anthem and to hear the eagle scream through the air and all that sort of thing indicating primitive patriotism and provincial simplicity—who literally yearned for sectional peace and unification—that consummation devoutly to be wished was at last achieved amid the drum-beats and pulse-beats not only of hopes fulfilled but of hearts triumphant.

We saw in it the hand of God. In good faith we accepted the idea of "benevolent assimilation." Modern invention was annihilating time and space. The very earth was shutting like a telescope. Why not in the Philippines what we had done in the Louisianas? There, at least, we stand today. But, does the President? Does the Republican party? Let us dismiss the shade, the memory of McKinley. Let us take the cord of Roosevelt, him and his, and all that they imply. It seems almost a truism to say that the Gentleman in Politics becomes the least scrupulous of men when he gets down to his work; but we need go no further than Theodore Roosevelt for an example of stultification seeking for artful contrivance and honeyed words, at once to satisfy the demands of the partisan and to blind the eyes of the unthinking.

The average American loves a brave man. He hates a coward. Great stress is laid upon the courage of Theodore Roosevelt. Yet there is a limit set upon daring, which even so ambitious a bronco-buster as Macbeth recognized—pity he didn't stick to it!—when his good lady, yet more ambitious than he, urged him on.

"Prithee, peace; I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none."

If Mr. Roosevelt could join hands with Quay and Addicks to accomplish any purpose; if to show his power, he could take two Admirals, such as Dewey and Schley, across his lap and spank them like children, grossly, brutally insulting Miles the while; if to exploit his Administration, he could steer a fly-by-night Republican Panama into being, playing directly to the lead of the Gray Wolves in Congress and the Stock jobbers of Paris; if to flatter the old soldiers he could by a sweep of his pen convert himself from an Executive into Legislative Department, and to cozen the negro vote at the North he could precipitate anew the race issue at the South—the which stand as illustrations of his surpassing courage—then there is nothing which the exigencies of his ambition, or the promptings of his temper, may not at least undertake. Ecce ignum; should he be given four years more in the White House on his own account, with the four additional years for which he will begin at once to provide in case he is elected—making twelve consecutive years in all—that may the country not expect in 1912, the third-term tradition dissipated, the power of the President over his party absolute, and the power of the party intrenched and enlarged? It does not require a very live fancy to conceive. All the old perspectives of Democracy shut out by military appliances, colonial machinery and commercial apparatus, the trail of the trade-mark—already too visible—over every avenue to preferment and power—such public men as linger about the throne converted into a race of Medicines without the learning, or the arts of Florence—the sign manual of the Plutocracy blazing above every voting booth—maybe intervening wars and certainly the disappearance of all healthful and independent opposition—what is to hinder Diaz and the Diaz dynasty? And, why not? Shall we look to be exempt from human experience? Are we, though earthly habitants, to be translated beyond the bounds and dreams of mortality?

The Republican party is no better than the Democratic party which preceded it. The Democratic party, though long tenure, grew strong enough to make its exit from power the signal for a dire, a bloody and, as we of the South now know, a senseless war. Historic Democracy, at its worst, had yet the claim that it was the Party of the Constitution. Modern Republicanism is merely an aggregation of the commercialism of the time. It is the logic of the trade-mark. Intelligent, unscrupulous, indefatigable, give it unlimited license and we shall have nothing left except a Splendid Government following in the footsteps of Greece and Rome.

Already it suggests a new Reconstruction of the South. Already it invites a war of races North and South. Already, under its ministrations is the Senate a clique, controlled by the President, the House a close corporation controlled by the Speaker, the Government itself a syndication of those giant business interests which have fastened the thieving tariff upon us and grown rich levying tribute upon the substance of the people.

Is it not time to stop and to take account of our assets, just what we have and have not? Will not even a Democratic interregnum give us time to halt and get our breath? Say that, in all that we are here writing we exaggerate, that we are fanciful, that we take counsel of age and fear, of passion, not reason, why need we risk anything? Pessimism? Cassandra? Why, that is what the Trojans said when they admitted the Horse. Why should we take so much as a lottery-chance upon the Man on the Horse?

Washington, July 21.—Justice Brewer of the United States supreme court has granted a writ of error to the United States district court for the eastern district of Missouri, in the case of Senator E. Barton, convicted in St. Louis of accepting a fee for services before the post office department while a member of the United States Senate. The case will be reviewed by the United States supreme court probably in the fall.

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Had to Treat Back.

There was a sensation in a Glasgow street one evening when one man was seen pursuing another at a breakneck pace. The pursued, much the smaller man of the two, leaped on to a passing car, the pursuer leaped on almost at his heels, and, seizing the runaway by the collar, the two rolled off the car together on to the street. Deeming it was a thief who had been caught, a crowd collected. "What was he doing?" asked a man as the two struggled to their feet, the larger tightly grabbing the smaller. "Ach, the mean hound," he gasped. "I stood him a glass o' beer along there, an' he was bolting without standin' me yin. But I'll watch him." And he marched off his man.

The royal Italian minister of finance has just granted an Italian firm permission to import, free of duty, electric power by wire from a power station to be erected in Swiss territory. In giving his decision the minister of finance said that no provision had been made in the Italian tariff for taxing imported electric power.

Japanese plans for a combined land and sea movement against Vladivostok have been about completed, and as soon as the operations at Port Arthur have reached a stage which will permit of the withdrawal from the blockade there of an adequate sea force the movement on Vladivostok will begin. The troops have been selected and are in readiness to go aboard the transport at a day's notice. There are 40,000 of them, with 200 field pieces and an adequate siege train. It is confidently predicted that the movement will begin within two weeks, as by that time everybody in Tokio believes Port Arthur will be in the hands of the Japanese and the squadron there will either have been captured or destroyed. Much interest is felt over conditions in Manchuria. The impression is general that the armies of Kuroki, Oku and Nodzu have begun the closing in movement on Kuropatkin. Marshal Oyama is now at the seat of war, and the impression has been that the final movement has simply been awaiting his arrival.

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Chicago, July 20.—The strike of packing house employees begun nine days ago and which has demoralized the packing industry throughout the country, was settled here tonight at a conference between representatives of the packers, the officials of the meat cutters union and representatives of all the allied trades employed at the stock yards.

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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of Sumter County, held this June 21, 1904, it was ordered:

That, there shall be four campaign meetings held in the county, the present campaign, to wit:

At Privateer on Friday, August 12, 1904.

At Shiloh on Friday, August 19, 1904.

At Dalzel on Tuesday, August 23, 1904.

At Sumter, C. H., Saturday, August 27, 1904.

The following is the list of assessments made by the committee: Candidates for Congress, \$15 each. Solicitor, \$10 each. Clerk of the Court, \$25 each. Sheriff, \$25 each. Treasurer, \$10 each. County Auditor, \$10 each. Supt. Education, \$7.50 each. House of Representatives, \$7.50 each. Magistrates, \$5 each. Coroner, \$5 each.

That the above assessments shall be paid by all candidates on filing their pledges, and all pledges shall be filed with the Secretary of the Committee at Sumter, C. H., S. C., by Thursday, August 11th, 1904 at 12 m.

That the Executive Committee do meet at Sumter, C. H., S. C., on Saturday, July 30, 1904, at 11 a. m., to appoint the managers to conduct the primary election and arrange for the same.

Correct Attest:
E. W. DABBS,
H. L. B. WELLS,
Secretary Committee.
All county papers please publish.
June 21.

South Carolina Military Academy.

ONE VACANCY in the State Beneficiary Scholarships, is to be awarded on competitive examinations, for Sumter County.

Blank forms of application should be applied for at once to Col. C. S. Gadsden, Chairman Board of Visitors, or the County Superintendent of Education. These applications, FULLY MADE OUT, must be in the hands of the Chairman on the 1st day of August, in order to receive attention.
C. S. GADSDEN,
Chairman Board Trustees
July 6, 1904.

A Good Guess—Innocent.

"I was trying to impress on one of my classes the other day the greatness of the southern Confederacy and at the same time to let it know how wonderful a man was George Washington, said J. L. Pembroke, a professor in a primary school in Paducah, Ky., at Seelbach's last night. "If the Confederacy had succeeded," I asked, "what would Washington have been the father of?" "Twins," was the prompt reply of one of the boys. "At another time," said Mr. Pembroke, "I was trying to impress on my class the fact that Anthony Wayne had led the charge up Stony Point." "Who led the charge up Stony Point?" I asked. "Will one of the smaller boys answer?" "No reply came." "Car no one tell me I repeated, sternly. 'Little boy, on that seat next to the aisle, who led the charge up Stony Point'?" "I—I don't know," replied the little fellow, frightened. "I—I don't know. It wasn't me. I—I just came here last month from Texas."

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July 13

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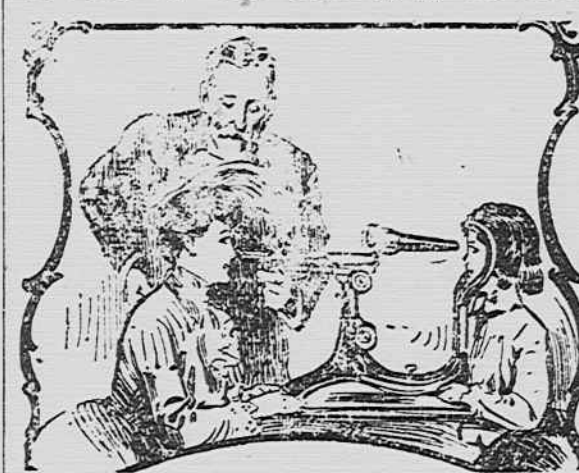
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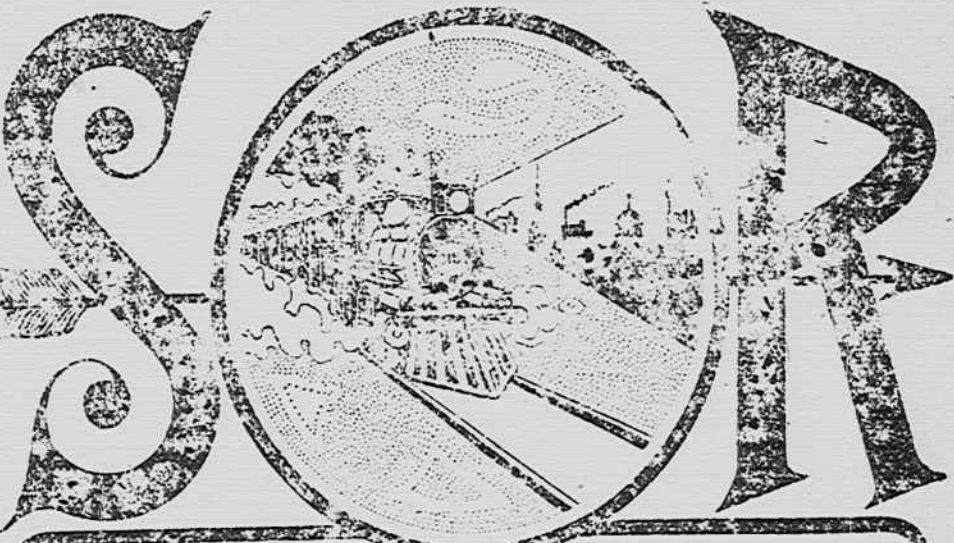
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